

One Perfect Moment
by
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• Cast •
Cathy
Sam

Cathy enters a dim kitchen where Sam sits at the kitchen table sipping a hot chocolate. They are both in their early thirties. Cathy is wearing Flannel pajamas, Sam wears a robe.

Cathy: What are you doing up?

Sam: Couldn't sleep. You?

Cathy: Oh, I don't know, I guess I'm just restless. Different bed and all.

Sam: Tom sleeping all right?

Cathy: Are you kidding? Tom could sleep through a volcanic eruption in a thunderstorm while World War Three goes off around him.

Sam: Must be nice.

Cathy: I guess. He snores like a buzzsaw though. How about Jeanette?

Sam: Like a log.

Cathy: Good. Good.

Sam: I'm sorry, do you want some?

Cathy: Hot chocolate?

Sam: Extra marshmallows.

Cathy: Um, yeah, yeah, I would.

Sam: It's the only thing that ever gets me back to sleep.

Sam goes to heat up some milk in the microwave and Cathy sits at the table.

Cathy: You were addicted in college.

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Sam: Well, now I can afford the good stuff. No more of that cheap, what was it, Swiss Miss.

Cathy: You've done well for yourself.

Sam: I suppose I've done all right.

Cathy: You have.

Sam: I'm not the only one. Tom's great.

Cathy: Yeah, he is. So's Jeanette.

Sam: Thanks.

Cathy: Sorry we didn't make it to the...

Sam: Oh, don't worry about it.

Cathy: No, really, I wanted to be there, the timing was just...

Sam: It's all right. I didn't make yours either, right?

Cathy: Christ, let me say I'm sorry! You never let me finish.

Sam: Sorry. I'm sorry.

Cathy: Thank you. I'm sorry I wasn't there, but it was a bad time for me, Mom was sick and you know my family, they were useless, so I had to be there.

Sam: I didn't know.

Cathy: I didn't tell you. Nothing personal.

Sam: Is she all right?

Cathy: No. She... um... She died last year. Cancer.

Sam: My god. Cath.

Cathy: No, it's OK. It was quick though. Tom was great. He was right there through it all and, God, you know my brother, we got into a big fight over the will. He's an asshole.

Sam: I know.

Cathy: But I was thinking of you. Of your wedding. It was just bad timing.

Sam: Jesus.

A beat passes and the microwave bell goes off.

Cathy: Milk's done.

Sam: Yeah.

Sam pours the cocoa into the mug and stirs it. He adds some marshmallows and hands it to Cathy

Sam: Here you go.

Cathy: So why couldn't you sleep?

Sam: Huh?

Cathy: Whenever I found you awake in the middle of the night there was always something on your mind. You always had something going through that pineapple of yours.

Sam: Nothing.

Cathy: Don't lie to me. I know you too well.

Sam: You think so?

Cathy: Sam, we lived together for five years, we grew up together, I think I know a little bit about the way you think. Habits don't change that much in six years.

Sam: I guess.

Cathy: *(she sips)* Mmm, you're right, this is good. So, are you going to tell me?

Sam: I just ... it's just ...

Cathy: Yes?

Sam: No.

Cathy: Sam, what is it? Talk to me.

Sam: It's seeing you again.

Cathy: Oh crap.

Sam: You asked.

Cathy: Pretend I didn't.

Sam: Don't get me wrong, Jeannie is great.

Cathy: Sam, you invited me here for the weekend.

Sam: I know I did. I know I did, and believe me, I didn't have any ... what? Any ulterior motive. I didn't. I just wanted to see you again. Cath, you're my best friend. That's all, I wanted to see you again, you know, do the the barbeque thing. I had no idea I still felt anything, but I saw you and suddenly everything came rushing back to me. I opened the door and there you were and it was like nothing had changed. I forgot for a second that I was married, and you were married. It was like the rest of the world ceased to exist. Have you ever had that feeling? The feeling that the whole world stopped and fell away leaving just you? I felt like... my God Cath, I saw you and for a second it was just you and me. Do you have any idea how beautiful you are? I can see you standing there with the snow behind you, white, pure white. It was like a halo. For just a moment, then Tom stepped into view and ...

Cathy: I'm married Sam.

Sam: I know.

Cathy: So are you.

Sam: You think I don't know that?

Cathy: You aren't acting like you do. Look, if you and Jean are having problems, I'm really sorry, but Tom and I are not.

Sam: We aren't! We weren't.

Cathy: Don't you dare! Don't you dare do this to me Sam. Don't put me in this position.

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Sam: I wasn't going to. I came down to think about it. I came down to be alone and let it run through my head and ... and you came down just like old times and it happened again. The world fell away and there you were. It was like we were the only thing that was real, everything else was just a dream. You know, there was never a time that I couldn't sleep that you didn't wake up too? Never. Not once. Even when we were kids, you always seemed to be there when I needed you. Hell, you were there when I didn't even want you there.

Cathy: Sam.

Sam: Jeannie doesn't do that. Jeannie has never gotten up in the middle of the night because, because what, we're a little behind on the bills and I'm worried about it, or, or work is getting hectic or ... damn, you were always there Cath! You were always there.

Cathy: Maybe it's time that I'm not there anymore. Sam, for almost six years we didn't see each other.

Sam: What are you saying?

Cathy: I'm saying, Sam, I'm saying maybe we need to make a clean break. Maybe we shouldn't see each other again.

Sam: No.

Cathy: If it's this tough on you, if seeing me once makes you suddenly go apeshit and your hormones turn you into some teenage horn dog...

Sam: I'm not some teenage...

Cathy: Well you're sure acting like it!

Sam: Are you telling me that you don't feel anything? Anything at all?

Cathy: This isn't about me!

Sam: I think it is.

Cathy: Well, it isn't!

Sam: So you feel nothing?

Cathy: This isn't about what I feel!

Sam: Tell me you don't feel anything for me.

Cathy: Thank you for the hot chocolate. I'm going upstairs, back to bed with my husband.

Sam: Tell me you don't feel anything!

Cathy: You want me to tell you I don't feel anything for you? You want me to tell you that I'm over you? Well, I can't! I'm not over you! You opened the door and you know what, I felt like we were thirteen again. I was coming over to play with your Atari. We were going to play Q-bert. But Sam, we aren't thirteen. We're over thirty, we have different lives now. We have different responsibilities, more than just mowing the lawn and taking out the garbage and doing our homework. We're married and not to each other. We are married to completely different people. So, what do you want me to say? What can I possibly do now? My parents were divorced when I was ten years old Sam. I swore I would never do that. I would never follow in my parents footsteps.

Sam: Not even for true love?

Cathy: Is that what you call this? Sam, I'm not going to lie and say I don't feel anything for you, but we broke up for a reason.

Sam: Do you remember what that reason was?

Cathy: What? Do I...? Of course I do. It was... I was ... Fuck! Well we broke up for a reason! I'm not going to...

Sam: Neither do I. So why aren't we together?

Cathy: Don't.

Sam: Do you love Tom?

Cathy: Yes. No. Yes. Yes.

Sam: Are you sure?

Cathy: Yes. No.

Sam: I love you Cath.

Cathy: Don't do this.

Sam: Wait, stop. Do you feel it?

Cathy: Feel what?

Sam: The world, it's gone. It's just you and me.

Cathy: Just you and me.

Sam: One perfect moment.

Cathy: Perfect?

Sam: Well, pretty good.

Cathy: One pretty good moment.

The moment passes.

Sam: Cathy.

Cathy: Yes Sam?

Sam: Thanks.

Cathy: What for this time?

Sam: Nothing special. For being who you are. For, aw hell, for not letting me make a fool of myself.

Cathy: It's a full time job, believe me.

Sam: Back to bed?

Cathy: To the buzzsaw.

Sam: And the log.

Cathy: And the log.

Sam: Here, give me that.

Sam takes Cathy's mug in his hand touching her hand and they look in each others eyes for a moment and it seems as though they may kiss.

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Sam: You got a milk mustache.

Cathy licks her upper lip and uses the sleeve of her pajama to wipe.

Cathy: Thanks. Night Sam.

Sam: Night.

Cathy exits and Sam puts the mugs in the sink.

Lights fade.